

# o Keep House



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**"I EMBROIDER,"** says Marguerite Clarke. "I did the sofa cushions, and the monograms on the table-cloth, and the pansies on the doilies, and all the hemstitching and monograms on the bed-linen." After this formidable list, one is not surprised to learn that the rest of the housekeeping is done by Miss Clarke's big sister, Cora, who brought her up. "Except the salad dressings," declares the young star. "I do those better than she does. My salad dressings are famous."

**CHRYSTAL HERNE** is more interested in decorative color schemes than in cooking. She has a dull gold drawing-room and a blue bed-chamber in her New York apartment; but the room she really longs to create will have black rugs and curtains, with a dash of scarlet in the darkest corner. She abhors waste, and her principal motto is, "Watch your ice-box."



I can stop acting and give up," said Margaret Anglin. Her curious Chinese dining-room, with all blues and blacks, with a black rug on the floor, and on sideboard and mantel and in a replica of an interior she was playing her way



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**"THERE** are two things upon which I insist in my housekeeping," says Lillian Russell. "I must have order, and I must have regularity. A chair out of place, a wrap thrown over a piano, a vase out of line on the mantel, acutely distress me. Therefore one of the primary rules of my household is that everything must be in its place. What might seem artistic disorder to some people is to me ugliness and shiftlessness. A house should be run on as careful a system as a well managed railroad. I believe in housekeeping by schedule."

Miss Russell is known as the most amiable woman on the stage. When her cares irk her, she retires into what she has named her Room of Silence. Nominally it is her library. Really it is a small but wondrous museum of rare Chinese porcelains, worth something like \$100,000. No hands but hers may touch these treasures; she washes and wipes them herself.



**VIOLA DANA**, who created the title rôle of "The Poor Little Rich Girl," thinks a basic accomplishment of housekeeping is to wait gracefully upon the table. At breakfast she insists upon pouring tea for her mother. She lives in a farthest point of the Bronx, New York, in a neat house with a green lawn and a fine stretch of sky; and she thinks the "Poor Little Rich Girl" wouldn't have had half so much trouble if her parents had only brought her up to cook and sew.